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THE
WANDERING ANGEL,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON,

AUTHOR OF "RHYME, ROMANCE, AND REVERY," AND "A VOICE
FROM THE TOWN."

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TO

NER GARDINER, ESQ.,

WITH FEELINGS OF RESPECTFUL REGARD,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED.



CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| Preface | vii |
| Brief Memoir of the Author | ix |
| THE WANDERING ANGEL | 13 |

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|----|
| Manchester | 35 |
| To my Wife | 37 |
| Life | 40 |
| An Extempore Apology | 41 |
| The Outcast | 43 |
| To my Friend George Falkner | 47 |
| The Grey Hair | 48 |
| The Poet's Child | 53 |
| Friendship, Love, and Truth | 54 |
| Tributary Stanzas | 58 |
| The Wreath | 60 |
| To a Young Poetess | 63 |
| A Song for the Queen | 64 |
| Sir Osric | 66 |
| The Death Dream | 72 |
| To Margaret | 79 |
| Hope | 77 |
| To George Richardson | 78 |
| Opening Address | 79 |
| To the Infant Sappho | 82 |
| The Guardian Angel | 83 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Love and Flowers | 85 |
| The Keepsake | 87 |
| To Miss Susanna Maxwell | 89 |
| The Maiden's Flight | 90 |
| To Marian | 92 |
| On the Anniversary of Burns | 94 |
| A Farewell | 95 |
| Similes | 96 |
| To Mrs. E. S. Craven Green | 98 |
| Who loves not Beauty? | 99 |
| On hearing the Euphonian | 101 |
| To my little Boy on his Birthday | 102 |
| The Dying Girl | 103 |

METRE FOR MUSIC :—

| | |
|---|-----|
| I. Oh! dost thou remember those moments of gladness | 107 |
| II. The golden day of youth is gone | 108 |
| III. Come, love, and sing in thy tones sweet and low .. | 110 |
| IV. Lovers' Eyes | 111 |
| V. Thou art fair as the morning's first beam | 113 |
| VI. I fade apace 'neath a foreign sky | 114 |
| VII. Oh! well do I remember | 115 |
| VIII. Oh! my heart is sad with dreaming | 117 |
| IX. Oh! lady let me woo thee | 118 |
| X. A fair face haunts my solitude | 119 |
| XI. My heart is with the dead | 120 |
| XII. Birds are heard in day's bright hours | 122 |
| XIII. He won her youthful heart | 123 |

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER :—

| | |
|--|-----|
| I. A blessing on the band | 127 |
| II. When I am laid 'neath the church-yard stone | 129 |
| III. The guiding star of charity | 130 |
| IV. A song let us raise | 131 |
| V. The way was long and wild | 133 |
| VI. Oh! there is not on earth such a scene of delight .. | 134 |
| VII. The Dying Brother | 135 |
| VIII. Happy Lodge | 136 |

PREFACE.

THERE are no portions of a book on which more ingenuity is exercised than the preface, and it is amusing to mark the pains which, in most instances, authors take to disguise the real motives which have induced them to appear before the public. One would think, from a perusal of the generality of prefaces, that literary men were a race of the most humble and disinterested individuals in existence, and that the expectation of a pecuniary remuneration was the very last idea that instigated them to submit their productions to the world. The author of the present volume candidly admits that he is influenced by mixed motives, and that the hope of profit, as well as a desire for reputation, has actuated him in bringing forth this work. He cannot see why the productions of the mind should not be as legitimately entitled to emolument as those which are simply the result of physical exertions.

The author is gratified that a taste for literature is rapidly extending in his native town, and the many fruits of that taste which have of late appeared, are in themselves sufficient to prove that the public of Manchester are not backwards in affording the requisite encouragement to the producers. Where Commerce and Science flourish, it will always be found that the more graceful Arts will, in a corresponding degree, be cultivated. The country may furnish scenes of inspiration to the poet, but it is to the town that he must look for support, and, therefore, the author sees nothing inconsistent in a large seat of manufactures having fostered so many literary aspirants. The author is quite willing to take his place among the rest, and has no doubt that he shall receive his due share of consideration. Towards his fellow-labourers he bears no feelings, except those of friendly regard, and a desire that their success may equal their merits.

He can truly say, in the words of Sir Philip Sydney,

“ I do not envy Aristotle’s wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar’s bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care though some above me sit.”

The author’s first volume was published between three and four years ago, the pieces contained in it being written at different intervals, and with no intention to a collected publication. The success which the work met with was somewhat beyond his anticipations, and he cannot resist the present opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the kindness which it received from the press. “A VOICE FROM THE TOWN,” published two years ago, has also experienced the same gratifying reception.

It was contemplated to produce a leading poem of considerably greater length than now appears, but circumstances, unnecessary to be explained, decided its present limits. The author does not lay claim to originality in the passages advocating the Christian doctrine, but he is fully impressed with the belief that the truest and best hope for immortality is in the Resurrection of the Dead, and he is anxious to lead the sceptic to examine and meditate on the evidence which exists of that great and solemn event. For the views which he has adopted of this portion of his subject he must express his obligations to his friend, the REV. I. D. WILLIAMSON, of New York, whose eloquent “Argument for Christianity” is deserving of the highest praise.

The author has now been for three years the editor of the “Odd Fellows’ Quarterly Magazine,” and he feels himself called upon to express his warm sense of the cordial treatment which he has ever experienced from his brethren. He trusts that he shall, on all occasions, merit their confidence, and that not only his “LYRICS FOR THE ORDER,” in the present work, but all his other efforts, may tend to promote Faith, Hope, and Charity, and be in conformity with the principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

(From the "*Pictorial History of Manchester*," published in the
"*Pictorial Times*.")

SOME poetical rhymes on Manchester opened our Pictorial History of the town, and as they were written by a native of that "metropolis of manufacturing industry," who—amid the smoke of chimneys and the din of looms, the shrieks and sounds "unholy" of the busy city—still courts the muses, what more fitting *pendent* to our narrative than a portrait and a notice of the Manchester poet and his works?

Born in Manchester of humble parents in 1809, he has, by vigour of intellect and with very few advantages of early education, gained for himself a fair position in the current literature of the day. If destitute of the strong feelings and vigour of thought displayed by the Sheffield poet, Ebenezer Elliott, he is equally destitute of the fierce vindictiveness which marks too many of the corn law rhymers's productions. Speaking of himself, Mr. Rogerson remarks—

A love of nature was early implanted in my mind from having passed some of the happiest intervals of my youthful days at the country residence of a relative. In the recesses of green bowers, or seated amidst the branches of leafy trees, hours were spent in reading wild and wondrous legends and revelling in a dreamy future. The "*Arabian Nights*" was almost the first work which fixed my attention, and was well calculated for engendering a train of visionary wishes and strange yearnings, that could not possibly end in reality.—Before I was twelve years of age, I had read with attention and delight the "*Spectator*," "*Tatler*," "*Rambler*," and the whole series of the British essayists. I had also read the works of Pope, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, Cowper, Young, Thomson, and the majority of the standard poets of the preceding century. Thomson was a great favourite of mine, and I commenced, in my thirteenth year, a poem on the Seasons, in four books, and made considerable progress in it. I had sufficient discretion, however, a few years afterwards, to commit this production, together with two volumes of MSS., to the flames. I devoured with avidity the productions of the most celebrated novelists. I travelled and made observations on men and manners with Gil Blas; sat at the board of the good Vicar of Wakefield; roamed over the desert isle with Crusoe; shook hands and was quite familiar with Henry, Earl of Moreland; accompanied Christian and his companions in their perilous pilgrimage; tilted with Don Quixote, and laughed at Sancho Panza. So ravenous and indiscriminate, at one time, was my appetite for works of fiction, that I read upon an average not less than three volumes per day. This course of reading, though it begot a lasting passion for literature, was more injurious than otherwise, and was anything but the way to lay a solid foundation for an intellectual superstructure; in fact, as a printer

would say, my mind was all *in pie*. A more beneficial method was in awhile adopted by me. I began to read carefully, and make extracts from the best passages as I read; and in this way went through the ancient and modern poets, the historical works of Hume and Smollett, Gibbon, Robertson, Rollin, and others, and a variety of philosophical and theological writings. A love for the drama was one of the ruling passions of my youth, and this led me to read all plays that came in my way, and to attempt dramatic composition myself. A drama, in three acts, bearing the title of "The Baron of Manchester," was written in conjunction with a friend, now deceased, and brought out at one of the Manchester theatres.

In due time he was placed with a solicitor, and served a clerkship, having during its progress not unfrequently "penned a stanza when he should engross." His first appearance in print, as a rhymester, was in 1826, when a small poem, "The Farewell," was inserted in the "Manchester Guardian." From this time he contributed at intervals to various periodicals and newspapers until the middle of 1828, when, with three friends, he set on foot, a weekly periodical, "The Phoenix." This publication was continued for about six months. In 1831 he, with a friend, started another periodical, "The Falcon;" but the existence of the work was of a very limited duration. Whatever were the merits of these two publications, they were the first of the kind published in Manchester, whose contents were exclusively original. He was subsequently occupied in writing both in prose and verse for several metropolitan periodicals, and in the early part of 1834 abandoned the law, and commenced business as a bookseller. In 1838 he became a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and in 1841 was appointed editor of their Quarterly Magazine. In 1840 he published a volume of mingled prose and rhyme, under the title of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," in which there are many clever papers and poems. As a specimen we insert—

REPININGS.

I am aweary of the haunts of men;
 I dwell amid them with a stifled soul,
 And pant for nature as a happy goal;
 Struggling with fate, a world-sick denizen,
 My very heart is poison'd with the care,
 The toil, the pain, the suffering, and the strife,
 The tortures of our lot—the things which are
 The spirit's rack, the harrow of our life:
 I long, I yearn the quiet joy to share,
 Which fills the creatures free, of hill and vale;
 I crave for green fields and the pleasant air—
 Even as an insect on the breeze I'd sail,
 Or, as a lark, give music to the gale,
 Or, lamb-like, stray mid grass and blossoms pale.

He soon after gave up the bookselling business, and published a volume of verses, "A Voice from the Town and other Poems."

THE WANDERING ANGEL.



THE WANDERING ANGEL.

AN Angel left her heavenly throne,
And floated 'mid the starry skies,
And there awhile the spirit shone,
Bewildering upturn'd mortal eyes.
The stars at once look'd faint and dim,
As if the lark sang morning's hymn ;
So clear and lustrous was the light
That from her radiant presence beam'd,
The atmosphere around grew bright,
And o'er the clouds a glory stream'd.
Oh ! who can paint the glow intense,
The vast unstain'd magnificence
That lies about the home of God !
The pure effulgence of that clime
Imbues with splendour, through all time,
Those who its paths of joy have trod.

The Angel hid her glorious eyes,
And o'er her threw a shadowy veil,
Then slowly faded from the skies,
Invisible as summer's gale ;
And unto earth she downwards flew,
As noiseless as the evening dew,
And not a silvery cloud was rent,
As through its mist the Angel went.
Perchance it grew a moment bright,
And shewed a tinge of golden light,
But, ere a gaze was on it cast,
The sudden gleam away had past,
And none who breathed the scented air,
Had token of the Angel there.
And thus it is that blessed things
Above us spread their sheltering wings,
And in the hour of darkest gloom,
When hopeless sorrow seems our doom,
When grim Despair, with haggard face,
Hath made with us its dwelling-place,
And not a friend appears to cheer,
With soothing voice, our sad career,
Then, even then, from realms above,
Come down the ministers of love,
And in our sorrow's dark abyss
Stream sunny beams of hope and bliss—
The night of care departs away,
And all again is cloudless day !

But though we own, in that sweet hour,
That God hath kindness, love, and power,
And prayers within our hearts arise,
And thankful tear-drops blind our eyes,
We do not see the Angel sent,
Whose glance divine is on us bent,
And yet we know not but each air
Some heavenly visitant may bear.

'Twas in a silent, curtain'd room,
At midnight's haunted hour,
That, reft of all its early bloom,
There lay a wither'd flower—
A wither'd flower, a little child,
That used to bound along,
O'er verdant vale and mountain wild,
And mock the birds with song;
The lilies by the brooklet's brim
To him were richest store,
The blue bells from the hedges dim,
With shout of glee, he bore.
Oh! what a proud and mighty prize
Seem'd many-colour'd butterflies;
And reeds that grew upon the lake,
To him did sweetest music make;
And with the rushes green he play'd,
And many shapes fantastic made,

Or, seated in the grassy field,
Enwove a powerless crown and shield.
Now pain and dire disease did wring
That fair and once most happy thing,
But, when he dreamt his throes away,
He murmur'd of his gladsome play ;
Or thought he flew o'er field and glen,
A painless, careless child again ;
Or call'd at times, with merry whoop,
Some playmate from a childish troop,
And, with the sound, once more there came
The room lit up by taper's flame,
And there reclined his fever'd head,
Upon that weary, weary bed,
And hideous monsters at him glared,
And from the dusky curtains stared ;
But then appear'd his mother's face,
And all things foul left empty space,
For not one demon-eye could brook
That gentle mother's holy look.
She took his little pallid hand,
And press'd it in her own,
But, though his face was meek and bland,
She held but skin and bone,
And she by his bedside did stand—
To her the world was lone:
The partner of her love was dead,
And now she wept beside the bed

Of him, her dying son.
She prayed aloud in accents wild,
Amid despair and tears,
That God would spare her only child,
To bless her widow'd years.
She sprang in terror from her knees,—
She seem'd to feel a passing breeze,
And hear a rushing sound—
She gazed upon the darken'd room,
But nought was seen amid the gloom,
And all was still around.
The infant did not die that night,
And when appear'd the morning bright,
In calm repose he slept ;
And, when that sleep had pass'd away,
No fever on his life did prey,
And then with joy she wept.—
She saw him, in the coming spring,
Again a rosy, joyous thing,
Bound on in frolick play:
She knew not that an Angel guest
Had look'd upon his place of rest,
And summon'd Death away.

The boy became a graceful youth,
With soaring thoughts imbued;
The realms of fancy and of truth
Made glad his solitude.

The counsels of each ancient sage,
The poet's sweet and dreamy page,
The gay romancer's sparkling tale
Of ladye-love and knights in mail,
The grave historian's bookish lore,
And records of the deeds of yore,
The labours of the minds that trace
The wondrous things in earth and space,
Who pierce the mists of cloudy cars,
And tread among the burning stars,
Who cleave the wave, and delve the mine,
To seek for attributes divine—
All, all by turns engaged his thought,
And hues of mind from each he caught.
But not alone in studious bower
Was spent each meditative hour ;
The craggy rock, and mountain wild,
His footsteps to their haunts beguiled,
And by the margin of the stream
He loved to stray, and muse, and dream.
Each living thing of earth and air
Was to the wanderer's vision fair ;
Each singing bird, that flew along,
Had joy and rapture in its song ;
The tiny insect, booming by,
Brought to his sense a melody ;
And hill, and valley, field, and grove,
Spoke to his soul of God and love.

Not lonely ever did he stray :
 Amid the meadows green,
A white and rustic dwelling lay,
 And beautified the scene ;
And there a maiden, fair and mild,
Simplicity's untutor'd child,
 First look'd upon the day ;
And there she grew, the blushing thing,
As beauteous as the dawning spring,
 And pure as its first flowers,
While the rich azure of her eyes
A mirror seem'd of summer skies,
 When starry splendour showers.
And she, the young and spotless maid,
 His early mate had been,
And oft together had they stray'd
 Through many a verdant scene,
Till childhood's taintless thoughts became
A bright and purifying flame,
 That fill'd each heart with joy.
The girl was now a timid maid,
Of her impassion'd hopes afraid—
 The youth, no more a boy,
With swelling soul, and eye of pride,
Beheld the maiden by his side ;
And oft, in green and tangled shade,
While moonbeams through the branches play'd,

His lips had breathed love's tale ;
And he had spoke of coming years,
As one whom age hath taught no fears
That earthly joy may fail.
His soul as yet was holy ground,
An Eden which no snake had found,
To teach his heart to grieve ;
Knowledge had brought not woe or vice,
His home to him was Paradise,
His love a sinless Eve.

The heavenly guest look'd on the pair,
And own'd the earth had creatures fair ;
For still the Angel linger'd there,
And sanctified the spot.
Years are as nought in heavenly clime,
And, by the pilgrim-spirit, time
Was reckon'd not by earthly chime—
Her own immortal lot
Caused mortal life more brief to seem
Than unto us is fleeting dream,
And she had stay'd awhile to look,
As one who gazes on a brook,
To watch a rose-leaf floating by ;
Or as we mark in April sky,
The rainbow's rich and varied hue
Lost in infinitude of blue ;

Or as, when toss'd by fitful gale,
We view the summer-cloudlets sail,
Fantastic, in the moonbeams pale,
Until, at length, they seem to be
Sprites sporting in a silver sea.
But now she skyward turn'd her gaze,
And long'd for Heaven's effulgent rays,
Yet, ere she took her noiseless flight,
In the sweet silence of the night,
When all around was calm and dim,
She breathed her glad and parting hymn.

“ Father of Heaven ! I come, I come,
From the land of death and night,
To dwell again in that blessed home,
Which hath known not gloom nor blight.

When the beams of noon-day sunlight shine,
How dim seems each golden ray ;
God of all worlds ! how my soul would pine,
Were I long from thee away.

As the child of mortal mother yearns
To sleep on the parent breast,
The thought of a wandering Angel turns
To God as a home of rest.

Could but the sinner one moment see
The home where the blest adore,

With an anguish'd heart he'd turn to thee,
To worship for evermore.

Father of Heaven ! I come, I come,
From the land of death and night,
To dwell again in that blessed home,
Which hath known not gloom nor blight."

And then the Angel pass'd away,
As silent as a starry ray,
And, unbeheld by mortal eyes,
She cleft the portal of the skies.

* * * * *

The scene is changed—with brow of care,
One sitteth in a lonely room,
And traces dark his features wear,
Though age hath cast not there its gloom.
Why doth he muse, in bitter mood,
In this, his hour of solitude ?
A myriad voices breathe his name,
As one that decks the scrolls of fame,
And well he knows a future age
Will dwell upon his glowing page,
For even now a nation's praise
Hath hail'd the poet's deathless lays.

The warrior's soul his song hath fired,
The patriot's heart his verse inspired,
And lips of maiden loveliness
The minstrel's name have learn'd to bless.
But 'tis in vain—he feels no more
The tranquil joy he felt of yore ;
Dark doubts have mingled with his bliss,
And poisoned hope and happiness.
The idol man had deified
Had felt the bitter curse of Pride,
And, standing on Ambition's height,
Had deem'd within him shone a light,
Whose bright, though evanescent ray,
Could guide him ever on his way.
Free was his life from guilty stain,
And he had grown of virtue vain,
And, in the strength of his own will,
Had thought himself invincible.
From pure Religion's pleasant ways
His mind had turn'd, to thread the maze
Where the bold sceptic seeks in vain
To trace the links of Nature's chain,
Until around him hung a gloom,
And life seem'd bounded by the tomb.
What had his many searchings proved ?
That earth held nought that could be loved,
That man was but a walking shade,
Which on an aimless journey stray'd.

The future unto him did seem
An empty and deluding dream,
Himself the creature of a day,
A breathing thing of soulless clay,
An insect sporting for an hour,
With death and darkness for its dower.
For him no more the arching skies
Hid God and angels from his eyes ;
Confusion's mist was all around,
Before him gloom and night profound.
What did his downward glances meet ?
The grave was gaping at his feet ;
His hope was that the greedy worm
Might make its banquet on his form,
And this was now his only trust,
That clay would moulder into dust.
No more the day seem'd fair and bright,
No more a glory robed the night,
A cloud within shut out the light.
No more he spoke with joy elate,
His soul was cold and desolate,
And blighted hopes, and dark despair,
For ever held their dwelling there.
The laurel seem'd to fade away,
And in its stead the night-shade lay ;
His youthful yearnings after fame
A vain and fruitless wish became ;

The light, that should have shone to bless,
Could only cheer his weariness.
The spectre Death would aye intrude
Into his haunts of solitude.

The Angel who, in childhood's days,
Had stood beside his bed,
Beheld him sink in error's maze,
And bow'd in grief her head ;
And, from her bright and blessed sphere,
There fell to earth a pitying tear.

Is it a vision of the night
That comes before the student's sight ?
Upon him breaks a lustre bright,
Like dawn of summer-morning's light,
And all around his chamber seems
A halo of celestial beams ;
About a holy presence lies,
Yet shape appears not to his eyes,
And tones are stealing on his ear,
Most spiritual, sweet, and clear.

“ I stood, oh ! favour'd child of earth,
Beside thy infant bed ;
To trace thy reason from its birth,
I saved thee from the dead ;
I guided thee, throughout thy youth,

To learning's charmed ground,
But thou hast left the paths of truth,
And hopeless error found.
Yet still a watchful glance divine
Shall deign upon thy course to shine,
And guard thy wavering soul ;
Still shalt thou have a cheering ray,
To bless and guide thee on thy way
To Heaven's immortal goal.

“ Age after age hath pass'd away,
Since lived in proud Judea's land
A spirit in a form of clay,
To suffer for a mortal band,
And shew, 'mid sorrow, blood and strife,
The truth of an eternal life.
He came to dissipate the gloom
That long had hung around the tomb ;
In glorious guise he came to prove
The might and power of Heavenly Love ;
Love sanctified his living breath,
Love shone amid the throes of death ;
From dread Gethsemane it cried,
From Calvary's dark and bloody tide.
It sounded in the dying prayer,
And generations on shall bear
The echoes of its silver tone,
Until is heard from zone to zone

The great Archangel's trumpet-sound,
Gathering the hosts of dead around.

“ Oh ! man, with reason weak and vain,
With doubtings impious and profane,
How wouldst thou God should Faith sustain,
And show His great and boundless Love ?
His Son respired a mortal breath,
A Godhead wore a thorny wreath,
A Martyr died a gory death,
The sympathy of Heaven to prove.
Go, search the records of the past,
Throw from thine eyes the film of Pride,
And thou wilt find no mist is cast
Around the course of Him who died.
No human evidence can shew
That Christ existed not below ;
And only thus speak erring men—
‘ He died, but knew not life again.’
But listen with a willing ear,
And thou shalt know not doubt or fear.

Where was the blessed doctrine spread,
That Christ had risen from the dead ?
Even in Jerusalem was heard
The glorious and redeeming word ;
Where He was doom'd and crucified
Was pour'd abroad the gospel-tide.

'Twas there the Apostolic band
Preach'd resurrection through the land ;
There, where no sophists could deceive,
Three thousand listen'd to believe ;
There, where in agony He died,
Believers grew and multiplied ;
There, where was lately heard the cry
Of ' Crucify him ! Crucify !'
Where scarce had dried the Saviour's blood,
The true Disciples boldly stood,
With mien unquailing, to reveal
Jesus had burst the tomb and seal.
There, where the stern centurion
Had guarded the sepulchral stone ;
Where Judas, traitorous suicide,
Confess'd his hideous guilt and died ;
There, where the women, in affright,
Beheld the shape, in garments white,
That pointed unto Galilee,
Where they the Nazarene might see.
Why did these men, in peril's hour,
Array themselves 'gainst wealth and power ?
Why did they fearless cry aloud,
Amid the mighty and the proud ?
Why braved they sorrow, pain, and death,
And shrunk not with their dying breath ?
They saw no terrors in the grave,
They knew that God was strong to save ;

Theirs was the firm, unfaltering trust,
That soars above the realms of dust ;
Their eyes had seen the Saviour's form,
Redeem'd from darkness and the worm ;
Their eyes had seen, their ears had heard,
From His own lips, the saving word ;
Their ears had heard, their eyes had seen,
Their hands had felt the Man serene.
He came unto them, and they knew
The doctrine he had preach'd was true :
The Prince of Life from Death had fled—
The Lord had risen from the dead !

“ Behold ! oh, doubter proud and pale,
For unto me the power is given
To lift one moment that dark veil,
Which shutteth out the joy of Heaven.
An instant upwards turn thine eyes—
No roof shall shade yon orbs of gold—
Look through the portal of the skies,
Son of a thankless race, behold ! ”

* * * * *

A voice is heard in yonder fane,
That hath a strange, angelic sound,
And sinners, black with many a stain,
In penitence are gather'd round.

The pastor speaks as one inspired
Above the beings of the earth ;
His ardent spirit seemeth fired
With truth that springs from Heavenly birth.
His eagle glances pierce within,
And seem to read each secret sin ;
Wretches who never bow'd before,
Listen, then tremble and adore ;
No stony heart, no wither'd soil,
Is barrier to his ceaseless toil.
As one on highest mission sent,
His every tone is eloquent ;
Impregnate with a grace divine,
His warning words like beacons shine.
Yet is the mighty teacher mild,
And gentle as a trusting child,
For human Pride within his heart
Hath long since ceased to claim a part.
As lamps that flash with splendour bright,
When burning in the gloom of night,
Look faint and pallid in the sun,
So he whose eyes have gazed upon
The priceless riches of his God,
Deems all things poor in man's abode.
He speaks as one whose Faith is sure
In bliss that must for aye endure :
He speaks as one whose soul must feel
The comfort he would now reveal ;

As one who sees the only light
That dawns upon the grave of night ;
As one convinced that Faith will bear
The cup of joy to dark despair,
And raise, amid the dungeon dim,
To God a sweet, thanksgiving hymn.
He knows that Faith hath been the stay
To cheer the aged on their way ;
He knows that Faith hath conquer'd strife,
And calm'd the troubled waves of life ;
He knows that Faith alone can spread
With downy ease the dying bed ;
He knows that Faith can dry the tear
Of those who linger mourning here ;
He knows that Faith hath power to bless
The widow and the fatherless :
To him this gospel-truth is plain—
The grave no more can victory gain ;
The Saviour yielded up his breath,
To take the bitter sting from Death !

* * * * *

It is the blessed Sabbath night,
And holy stillness broods around ;
An aged man, with failing sight,
Is wrapt in inward prayer profound ;

And unto God he turns his gaze—
A smile upon his features plays,
As if his soul to bliss were bound.
Beside his couch in silence stand
A beautiful and loving band,
Pensive, but not in tears;
He bends on them his glances dim,
And bids them sing a fervent hymn
Of joy, unmix'd with fears.
He seems to see their mother's shade,
In youthful bloom, and Heaven-array'd;
Another Wanderer near her stands,
And beckons him to cloudless lands :
The christian sees the sign and dies,
And three glad spirits seek the skies.

END OF THE WANDERING ANGEL.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MANCHESTER.

AND this, then, is the place where Romans trod,
Where the stern soldier revell'd in his camp,
Where naked Britons fix'd their wild abode,
And lawless Saxons paced with warlike tramp.
Gone is the castle, which old legends tell
The cruel knight once kept in barbarous state,
Till bold Sir Launcelot struck upon the bell,
Fierce Tarquin slew, and oped the captives' gate.
No trace is left of the invading Dane,
Or the arm'd followers of the Norman knight;
Gone is the dwelling of the Saxon thane,
And lord and baron with their feudal might:
The ancient Irwell holds its course alone,
And washes still Mancunium's base of stone.

Where once the forest-tree uprear'd its head,
The chimney casts its smoke-wreath to the skies,
And o'er the land are massive structures spread,
Where loud and fast the mighty engine plies;
Swift whirls the polish'd steel in mazy bound,
Clamorous confusion stuns the deafen'd ear,
The man-made monsters urge their ceaseless round,
Startling strange eyes with wild amaze and fear;
And here, amid the tumult and the din,
His daily toil pursues the pallid slave,
Taxing his youthful strength and skill to win
The food for labour, and an early grave:
To many a haggard wretch the clanging bell,
That call'd him forth at morn, hath been a knell.

But lovely ladies smile, in rich array,
Fearing the free breath of the fragrant air,
Nor think of those whose lives are worn away,
In sickening toil to deck their beauty rare;
And all around are scattered lofty piles,
Where Commerce heapeth high its costly stores—
The various produce of a hundred isles,
In alter'd guise, abroad the merchant pours.
Learning and Science have their pillar'd domes;
Religion to its sacred temples calls;
Music and Art have here their fostering homes,
And Charity hath bless'd and sheltering halls;
Nor is there wanting, 'mid the busy throng,
The tuneful murmurings of the poet's song.

TO MY WIFE.

Thy cheek is pale with many cares,
Thy brow is overcast,
And thy fair face a shadow wears,
That tells of sorrows past ;
But music hath thy tongue for me—
How dark soe'er my lot may be,
I turn for comfort, love, to thee,
My beautiful, my wife !

Thy gentle eyes are not so bright,
As when I wooed thee first,
Yet still they have the same sweet light,
Which long my heart hath nursed ;
They have the same enchanting beam,
Which charm'd me in love's early dream,
And still with joy on me they stream,
My beautiful, my wife !

When all without looks dark and cold,
And voices change their tone,
Nor greet me as they did of old,
I feel I am not lone;
For thou, my love, art aye the same,
And looks and deeds thy faith proclaim—
Though all should scorn, thou would'st not
blame,
My beautiful, my wife!

A shadow comes across my heart,
And overclouds my fate,
Whene'er I think thou may'st depart,
And leave me desolate;
For as the wretch who treads alone
Some gloomy path in wilds unknown,
Such should I be if thou wert gone,
My beautiful, my wife!

If thou wert dead, the flowers might spring,
But I should heed them not;
The merry birds might soar and sing,
They could not cheer my lot.
Before me dark Despair would rise,
And spread a pall o'er earth and skies,
If shone no more thy loving eyes,
My beautiful, my wife!

And those dear eyes have shone through tears,
But never look'd unkind,
For shatter'd hopes, and troubled years,
Still closer seem'd to bind
Thy pure and trusting heart to mine.
Not for thyself did'st thou repine,
But all thy husband's grief was thine,
My beautiful, my wife!

When at the eventide I see
My children throng around,
And know the love of them and thee,
My spirit still is bound
To earth, despite of every care:
I feel my soul can do and dare,
So long as thou my lot dost share,
My beautiful, my wife!

LIFE.

'Tis not unto the world our hearts are shewn,
The smile too often gilds our dark despair,
As sunlight lies upon the funeral stone,
Golden and bright as though no dead were there.
We live 'mid worldly men, and we pursue,
Through devious paths, the gauds of earthly state,
Masking ourselves with visors of deceit.
Even as the Spartan youth conceal'd from view
The gnawing fox that did his vitals eat,
We hide from all the tortures of our fate.
Foe unto foe extendeth traitorous hand,
And veils his hate with smiles and features bland.
Oh! what were life if bounded by the grave!
Father of mercy, stretch thy hand to save.

AN EXTEMPORE APOLOGY,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE
A POEM FOR HIM.

Careless alike of mood and time,
You ask me for a piece of rhyme;
But moments of poetic fire
Come not when we their aid require,
And 'tis in vain to rack my mind—
I cannot thoughts or subject find.
Oh! could you make the nightingale
Pour forth at sunny noon its tale,
Or bid the singing lark of morn
To soar at midnight from the corn,
Or cause the summer flowers to blow
Amid the winter's chilling snow,
Or diadem, that gems the night,
To sparkle in the day's full light,
Or streamlet bound in icy chain,
To dance at once by hill and plain,

Or miser open wide his door,
To cast his treasure to the poor,
Or beauteous maid with heart of truth,
To leave for age a loving youth—
Then might you cause a tuneful wight
At any hour or place to write,
Flashing along like sunny stream,
Regardless of his mood or theme;
But since you cannot do these things,
Seek not to guide the muse's wings,
Nor bid the poor demented bard,
At your behest, to labour hard:
And so farewell—my task is done—
The mouse hath from the mountain run!

THE OUTCAST.

The sun is shining clear and bright
On Sabbath's holy morn,
And sounds of bells, that call to prayer,
Upon the breeze are borne;
The birds are rushing through the air,
With gladness in each lay,
And pleasant is the passing breeze—
It is the month of May.

And onwards lovely maidens pass,
In many-hued attire,
While wandering eyes are on them turn'd,
Their beauty to admire;
And rosy children dance along,
With looks and words of glee—
In sooth it is a sight of joy,
Their happiness to see.

But who is he that sits alone,
So abject and forlorn?
Around his face hang matted locks,
His clothes are soil'd and torn;
Like cloud of gloom, that floats athwart
A fair and sunny sky,
He is the sole dejected thing
That meets the gazer's eye.

His glances beam with restless fire,
That suffering cannot dim,
And Nature with her gifts hath been
Most bountiful to him;
For vainly with his ragged garb,
The outcast seeks to hide
The gracefulness and strength of form,
Which make a parent's pride.

One gives him food, and now he eats,
With ravenous delight,
Then looks around him with a scowl
Of wild and fierce affright;
Like young and savage animal,
That fain would bear away,
To some secure and far-off haunt,
His long-sought, scanty prey.

Who were his parents, what hath been
The outcast's early fate?

Though o'er the earth he wanders now,
Forlorn and desolate,
Perchance some gentle mother's eyes
Have gladden'd at his birth,
While she has pray'd that his might be
A course of bliss on earth.

A father may have nursed the babe,
And kiss'd his brow and cheek,
And gazed on him with yearning love,
He found it vain to speak,
And cherish'd the deluding hope,
Which sprung within his breast,
That he might long be spared to guard
The child he sang to rest.

Oh! what may be the future lot
Of that unhappy boy?
No cheerful home, no pictured books,
Will make it one of joy;
No soft and spotless couch of down
His weary limbs will press,
And in his hours of pain will come
No parent's fond caress.

His passage through the world may be
Like that of oarless bark,
That tosses, 'neath a stormy sky,

Upon the ocean dark;
And vainly may he strive a kind
And sheltering port to win,
Till overwhelm'd beneath the gloomy surge
Of sorrow, and of sin.

Great God! I humbly offer up
A fervent prayer to thee,
For these the helpless little ones,
That cluster round my knee:
Oh! may'st thou prove their comforter,
Their guardian and guide—
Though outcasts from the home of man,
Oh! take them to thy side.

TO MY FRIEND GEORGE FALKNER.

Two chequer'd years, dear George, have pass'd away,
Since first we knew, and call'd each other friend,
And in that time I have not known a day

When thou on me a chilling glance didst bend.
Our course hath been amid no thornless flowers,
Our hearts have each had sorrows of their own,
But we have spent full many glorious hours,

When grief and care were to our souls unknown;
For gather'd round were men whose mighty powers
Have made the world bow down before the throne
Of Genius. Thou hast gain'd this great reward—
The friendship warm of many a gifted bard;
Rare talents, too, are thine—oh! may they cheer,
And bear thee onwards in a bright career.

THE GREY HAIR.

It is my natal day—how brief appears
The changeful space that now hath fled by !
Like last night's dream, the scenes of childhood's
years

In shadowy group before my vision lie,
And shrouded forms rise up unto mine eye,
But garments of the grave enfold them not;
With bounding feet o'er hill and vale they fly,
As though this earth were an enchanted spot,
Where cloudless joy would smile for ever on their lot.

Shapes I behold that never look'd on death,
Bright creatures, fresh as blossoms of the spring,
Whose cheeks have ne'er been fann'd by sorrow's
breath,

Whose thoughts are, bee-like, ever on the wing,
Seeking to find some honey-laden thing,
From whose sweet chalice they may quaff new joy;
They laugh aloud, their merry voices sing,
No spectral records track them to alloy
Their present dawn of bliss, or future faith destroy.

Oh! haunt me not, loved spirits of the past,
Wake not the memories slumbering in my soul;
The mesh of care around my fate is cast,
But ye departed to your final goal,
Ere sin and vain regrets upon ye stole,
To mar the beauty of your first pure dreams—
The bonds of earth were powerless to control
Your heavenward flight—ye vanish'd, as the
beams
Of night are seen no more when morn around them
streams.

It is my natal day—as if to call
My mind to pause and muse upon my fate,
One silvery hair before my gaze doth fall,
Like meteor-light which tells dark paths await,
Or message sent to warn me earth's estate
Is but a mansion hastening to decay,
And bidding me, ere yet it be too late,
To fit my spirit for that awful day
When death shall claim its own, and clay return to
clay.

Oh! snowy mentor, on my forehead yet
Locks of an ebon hue are gather'd round,
And on my form no mark of age is set;
But in my heart its home hath sorrow found,

And wither'd hopes within my path abound,
Thick as the leaves that fall with autumn's blast,
And high aspirings lie upon the ground,
The blossoms blighted ere life's May was past—
The hope which still is mine, will it be mine at last?

Once did I hail this day with wild delight,
As that which brought me nearer to the man,
When I might proudly claim the long'd-for right
To bear my part in many a glorious plan;
And o'er Utopian schemes my fancy ran,
By which my aid might liberty advance,
And I be rank'd among the honour'd van;
But manhood's day dispell'd my waking trance,
As morning mists disperse before the sun's broad
glance.

What energies have I not reckless spent—
How many fabrics heedlessly o'erthrown—
How much of guilty weakness have I blent
With deeds where firmness should have ruled
alone,
And virtuous strength been heard in every tone;
How oft have I been sway'd by foolish men
To tread the way with tares of anguish sown,
And find my journey led but to a fen,
Whence I must aidless 'scape, or know not hope
again.

The golden moments of my life are gone,
And, oh! how small the harvest they have
brought!

Amid my race what trophies have I won,
What worthy deeds, what high achievements
wrought?

What mighty lesson have I learnt or taught,
What creature rescued from dark error's wave,
What wretch have I to turn from guilt besought;
When the world frown'd, have I stood forth to
save

The crush'd and sinful man from evil's yawning
grave?

What hours of youth have fled unnoticed by,
Unprized, uncared for, wasted, and misspent;
What vain illusions have allured mine eye
From that true point where wisdom's gaze is bent;
How hath mine ear to flattery's cheat been lent,
When silent scorn hath held truth's tongue in
chain;

How have I help'd the base with good intent,
And found my hope for gratitude as vain
As his who sows the sand, or seeks to reap the
main.

Thou shalt be, silvery hair, a monitor
To lead my footsteps into clearer ways,

A beacon pale to warn me from the shore
Where I have wreck'd too many priceless days,
And cast time's jewels in the whirlpool's maze.
Although around me toils and cares are rife,
Through clouds of gloom mine eyes see cheering
rays,

That nerve my spirit for the coming strife,
And bid me falter not, for death but leads to life.

THE POET'S CHILD.

INSCRIBED TO ALFRED MERLIN LEWIS, SON OF MY FRIEND TITUS LEWIS,
OF LLANELLY, CARMARTHENSHIRE.

Child of a bard, be thine a bless'd career !
May joy's bright star have influence o'er thy fate,
And with its beams thine earthly pathway cheer,
Lighting thee onwards to a happier state ;
May tones of love make music in thine ear,
And guides parental long be spared to thee,
And may'st thou prove companion true and dear
To those who joy their first-born babe to see.
And let me wish thee, too, a lot of fame,
An honour'd place among the sons of song,
So that in after-life thou may'st not shame
The gifted names that unto thee belong ;
May genius fill thy spirit with its fire,
And make thee worthy thy poetic sire !

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.

WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FRIENDLY AND BENEVOLENT
PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Let heroes raise aloft the brand of death,
And seek for honour in the gory field—
Honour—a thing polluted and miscall'd
By those who name it most—who use the word,
Yet dare to desecrate its highest laws,
And madly strive to purchase empty fame,
In bloody conflict with their fellow-man,
He whom their God created as themselves,
And sent on earth to fill his sacred laws,
And carry out the principles of LOVE,
Of FAITH, of HOPE, and smiling CHARITY.
Be ours a nobler task—be ours the aim
To lead mankind to happiness and peace,
And scatter o'er the world the seeds of joy,
So that upon the earth may spring bright flowers,

Whose bloom and odour each may freely share:
Be ours the task to crush the thorns of life,
And stingless roses strew in every path.
We go not banded forth in bonds of hate,
But bearing on our banners blessed words—
FRIENDSHIP, and holy LOVE, and glorious TRUTH,
The golden union God himself design'd .
Should actuate the minds and hearts of men,
And bid them go rejoicing on their way,
Doing to all their fellow-creatures good,
Bestowing that which they themselves would ask.
We seek the light of that all-seeing Eye,
Which doth illumine heaven and earth beneath,
That it may shed its beams upon our souls,
And chasten and subdue each baneful thought,
Filling with pure benevolence our Hearts,
And teaching us to stretch the Hand to all.

Not vainly have we labour'd in the cause,
Not unsuccessful have our efforts been:
The little orphan lifts its hands to Heaven,
And asks a blessing on that sacred band,
Whose bounties have been shower'd upon its head ;
The lonely widow dries her bitter tears,
And offers up a thankful prayer to God,
That Charity yet walketh upon earth,
And kindness still survives in human hearts ;
The dying man sees mournful faces round,

The faces of the friends he loved in health,
His fellow-labourers in the field of good,—
He sees them, and he sinks to peaceful rest,
For well he knows the dear ones left behind
Will never lack his brethren's fostering care.
These are our cherish'd objects,—these the ends
For which we labour with untiring zeal,
And unabated ardour, doubting not
That motives pure and true benevolence
Will yet find echoes in each mortal breast,
And be accepted at the throne of God.
We cling to FAITH with virtuous thoughts and acts,
We cling to FAITH in humbleness and love,
Nor fear nor falter in our onward course ;
HOPE hovers, like an angel, o'er our heads,
And waves us on with sweet and cheering look,
Whilst, like twin-stars, her clear and shining eyes
Shower down their glorious beamings on our way,
And brightly guide us in our glad career.
Fair, meek-eyed CHARITY attends our steps,
With little children clinging to her garb,
Whilst to her ear comes sweetest of all sounds,
The music which proceeds from grateful hearts,
When voices utter words of thankfulness.

Our way hath been o'er strange and far-off lands,
Our course hath been o'er deep and boundless seas;
Nor creed nor race have stay'd us in our march,

And brethren greet us in full many a clime,
And own the influence of our virtuous cause.
The sun-burnt Indian grasp we by the hand,
And claim him as a brother and a friend ;
America's deep forests have we paced,
And thousand brothers there have fix'd their home ;
On frowning Gibraltar's towering rock
Our name is heard, and brethren crowd around ;
And even on Sydney's convict-peopled shore
We pour the balm of charity abroad ;
Nor will we pause till every race hath heard,
And every clime re-echoes the glad words—
The glorious watchwords—FRIENDSHIP, LOVE,
AND TRUTH !

TRIBUTARY STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS ARKELL TIDMARSH.

In the grey silence of the shadowy even,
When thoughts, like spectres, o'er the fancy come,
Of that dark mortal home
To which thy youthful form, dear friend, was given,
My sadden'd memory to the past will roam.

When clouds of sorrow gather o'er my heart,
Then would I turn for counsel unto thee ;
And in my hours of glee
Fain unto thee would I my joy impart—
I deem thou livest—then know thee lost to me.

Back will those sweet and pleasant hours return,
When we discoursed of our aspiring dreams,
And what seem'd radiant gleams
Of a bright future in our hearts would burn—
Alas ! to thee they were but meteor beams.

And she who woke a fond and fervent love,
The cherish'd object of thy secret flame,
Whose sweet and worshipp'd name
With many a pure and ardent strain was wove—
The beacon-light which lit thy dreams of fame!

Oh! should another her young heart inspire,
And woo with honied words and fond caress
Her virgin loveliness,
If spirits kept one trace of earth's desire,
One memory dear, thy shade will weep and bless.

But thou didst leave all earthly love and care,
Ere the fresh glory of thy spring-tide years
Was dimm'd by grief or fears;
Pure, fadeless bliss thy spirit went to share,
Whilst we who mourn have suffering, sin, and tears.

No bitter doubts weigh'd down thy soul to earth,
But trusting faith within thy heart was shrined,
Nor didst thou fear to find
Thy death the prelude to a glorious birth,
In the bright realms of the Eternal Mind.

Oh! well for thee that thou didst pass away,
Ere life's calm, happy morn had ceased to be;
A voice went forth for thee,
And the glad spirit left its bonds of clay—
The Father call'd a loved one to his knee.

THE WREATH.

WRITTEN AS AN INTRODUCTORY POEM TO A VOLUME ENTITLED
"FLOWERS OF MANY HUES."

Bright are the blossoms of the scented May,
Cull'd when the birds are singing on each thorn,
When Spring laughs out, as Winter, old and grey,
Flies from her presence with a look forlorn,
And Earth, with smiles, salutes the sunny hours,
Robed in her emerald garb begemm'd with flowers.

Glowing and gorgeous with unnumber'd dyes,
The Summer breathes her perfumes to the air,
While on each leaf the liquid diamond lies,
Glittering like jewel 'mid a young bride's hair,
And golden bees forsake their busy cells,
For nectarous draughts in blue and crimson wells.

But if we twine the Spring-buds in a wreath,
Their beauties hasten to a swift decay;
The Summer-roses die an odorous death,
When we have borne them from their homes away;
And we would form this simple wreath of ours
Of things more lasting than earth's fading flowers.

For richer blossoms, therefore, have we sought,
Foster'd by dews of the immortal mind,
And we will hope the garland we have wrought
Hath fadeless buds amid its leaves enshrined;
Let Beauty sun them with her lustrous eyes,
And be their gale her incense-breathing sighs.

What dearer offering could the lover bring
To her who meets him 'neath the trembling boughs,
Than flowers which fade not with the transient
Spring?

Perchance more lasting than his own warm vows.
If he his faith by fitting gift would prove,
Our leaves are hallow'd by the spells of love.

If some dear friend, beloved since childhood's time,
Seek fame or fortune in a distant land,
Here is a wreath that will not change with clime;
Place then the gift within the loved one's hand,
And he will find, when he afar doth roam,
That which shall tell his wandering heart of home.

No venom'd snake lies hid amid our leaves,
 To pour its poison into Virtue's ear;
No baleful weed its tangled meshes weaves,
 But undefiled is all that's gather'd here:
In fair bowers, guarded by the spotless Muse,
Have blush'd and bloom'd these FLOWERS OF
 MANY HUES.

TO A YOUNG POETESS.

We never met, perchance may never meet;
Mine eyes may never look upon thy face,
My voice with thine may ne'er hold converse sweet,
Yet fancy oft thy lineaments will trace.
And shall I paint thee beautiful, young maid,
With witching features and a form of grace,
And eyes where light hath made its dwelling-place,
And snowy brow, which silken tresses shade?
It recks not:—thou art beautiful to me,
For thoughts poetic live within thy soul;
And guileless words, which need not thy control,
Spring from a mind that free from taint must be:
The moon is loved because its beams are pure,
So thou hast beauty which will aye endure.

A SONG FOR THE QUEEN.

Oh! beautiful Queen of the fearless and free,
What glory and happiness smile upon thee!
Thy presence is hail'd with rejoicing and song,
The air rings with shouts as thou movest along;
The lowly and lofty, the peasant and peer,
Are equals in joy when their monarch is near;
And discord and hate fly afar from the scene,
Which boasts of the beauty of England's fair Queen!

Young flower of the state! thou wert foster'd with
pride,
Thy lineage was kingly, thy heritage wide:
And richly and bright did each blossom expand,
Which sprang into birth 'neath a parent's fond hand.
Thy fame hath gone forth o'er the land and the sea,
The hopes of a myriad are centred in thee;
While Heaven is blue, and the meadows are green,
No treason shall triumph o'er England's fair Queen!

Thy power is not purchased with jewels and gold,
For hearts are thine own that are priceless as bold;
Thou needest not bulwarks of turretted stone,
Thy people are ramparts to stand round thy throne;
Thy weakness is strength, and thy gentleness might,
Thy justice is mercy, thy counsel our light;
Thou rulest in wisdom, thy sway is serene—
We honour and bless thee, oh ! England's fair Queen !

Proud monarch of Britain ! still dearer thou art,
When we think thou hast one who is king of thy
 heart;
For the foe must she be of oppression and strife,
Who is loved as a parent and worshipp'd as wife.
Let the minstrel from thee thy posterity trace,
And prophecy glory and joy for thy race;
May the father's firm mind, and the mother's sweet
 mien,
Descend to the offspring of England's fair Queen !

SIR OSRIC.

A BALLAD.

The sun had ceased to gild the tower,
And bright uprose the moon,
But the lady had not left her bower,
To view the light aboon.

The beauteous lady wish'd not now
To gaze on moonbeams pale,
Nor yet to feel upon her brow
The evening's fragrant gale.

For though she well did love to look
On moon and starlight clear,
Her place upon the tower she took,
To greet a sight more dear.

Her lord had been unto the war,
And she hoped ere fled the night,
To see upon the hills afar,
His armour glancing bright.

Not long fair Rosalie did stand
Upon her station high,
Before she saw a gallant band,
With swiftness drawing nigh.

And waving proudly o'er the rest,
When they had reach'd the plain,
She saw a white and dancing crest,
In that most goodly train.

Now well she knew the noble knight,
Now fondly gazed on him,
Who rode on, like a glorious light,
That made all else look dim.

His signal-horn the warder blew,
For the massy bridge's fall,
And from her height the lady flew,
Unto the trophied hall.

She felt almost too much of bliss,
A joy she could not speak,
When her own true Sir Osric's kiss,
In transport, press'd her cheek.

Soon was the costly banquet spread,
The golden goblets gleam'd,
And sparkling wine was flowing red,
While lamps of silver stream'd.

Loudly the minstrel's bright harp rang,
The high-born guests to please,
And bold Sir Osric's praise he sang,
And beauteous Rosalie's.

The guests were listening to the song,
When stain'd with dust and blood,
An armed stranger joined the throng,
And sternly 'mid them stood.

Upon the gallant chief he gazed,
With fiercely scowling look,
And thus Sir Osric, much amazed,
His unknown guest bespoke.

“What seekest thou, oh, stranger knight,
That thus, with angry lour,
Thou comest, like a chilling blight,
Upon our festal hour.

“If but a shelter thou dost crave,
Sit and partake our cheer;
The noble and the steel-clad brave
Are ever welcome here.”

“ Thy courtesy I will not brook,
Nor taste thy cheer, sir knight,
Though yet I have not food partook,
Since broke the morning light.

“ I come from out thy foemen's band,
With peril thee I've sought,
Yet I have track'd thee o'er the land,
And danger set at nought.

“ Beneath thy sword my brother died,
With deep and savage thrust,
And me, while battling by his side,
Thou madest to seek the dust.

“ And, when I rose, an oath I swore,
That needful rest or food,
My wounded frame should taste no more,
Till hate was quench'd with blood.

“ I swore that let our meeting be,
Whether at feast or shrine,
My sword should force the life from thee,
Or thou shouldst sever mine.

“ As I did vow, now here I stand,
On thee to clear my fame;
If thou refusest, thee I brand,
And coward do proclaim!”

Up from his seat Sir Osric sprang,
Confusion reign'd around;
Where late the song of minstrel rang,
Did woman's shrieks resound.

"Quick, clear the hall," Sir Osric said,
"Such words I must not hear;
For wine, the blood shall now flow red,
Revenge thou shalt have here."

In terror all the ladies flew,
Sore wept sweet Rosalie;
But tears were vain, too well she knew
The combat now must be.

Each firmly grasp'd his weapon bright;
Where late the guests had been,
All glowing with a joyous light,
Was soon a warlike scene.

And long did they the battle wage,
With fierce and deadly heat;
The stranger fought with desperate rage,
The knight with courage meet.

At length a thrust Sir Osric made,
And made it not in vain—
He cleft with his good, trusty blade,
The foeman's heart in twain.

Triumphant shouts did shake the roof,
When ended this strange strife;
Again was discord held aloof,
And joyful sounds were rife.

Upraised their golden cups they held,
Loud burst the minstrel's lays,
And louder still his notes he swell'd,
In bold Sir Osric's praise.

THE DEATH DREAM.

I had a vision yesternight,
A melancholy dream:—
Within my chamber burn'd a light,
With faint and sickly beam;
And I for many days had lain,
Emaciate on a couch of pain,
And nights had pass'd away,
Nor slumber rested on mine eyes;
And I had pray'd, 'mid groans and sighs,
To look upon the day.

My feeble taper died away—
I mark'd it shine its last,
And felt that from my wearied clay
My soul would soon have past;
The moonshine crept around my room,
And silver'd each recess of gloom,
All things were cold and wan—
Faint shivering breath my lips went through,
My brow bore drops of icy dew—
I lay a dying man.

My sins came to my memory,
My frail thoughts every one,
And stood between high Heaven and me,
As clouds that hide the sun;
Words spoken in an idle strain,
Now lay like lead upon my brain,
Light deeds wore dark array;
My heart seem'd weeping tears of blood,
An inward agonizing flood—
I ask'd to live and pray.

Hours that had pass'd away, as flies
The summer's fleeting rack,
When all was bathed in pleasure's dyes,
Again came rushing back;
The beauty they had worn was fled,
The roses of my lot were dead,
But every thorn was there;
I feebly gasp'd "Oh, God, forgive!"
And still I ask'd to pray and live,
And—died in dark despair.

My vision ended not with death—
I gazed on sheet and shroud,
I heard my wife's convulsive breath,
My children sob aloud;
I saw myself in ghastly state,
I look'd upon the coffin-plate,

That bore inscription vain;
I still beheld the corse, though hid
Beneath the studded coffin-lid—
I saw the funeral train.

I saw the sexton with his spade
Prepare the clammy ground;
I saw the earth above me laid,
And heard its sullen sound;
I saw the mourners pass away,
I saw the stone placed o'er my clay,
And soon the careless tread,
And merry laugh and jocund word,
Beside the new-made grave were heard—
None seem'd to reckon the dead.

I look'd into each human soul—
My spirit had the power
To read all thoughts as on a scroll—
I saw my earthly dower;
I saw the weeds of hate and guile,
Where friendship's flowers had seem'd to smile;
I heard the serpent's hiss,
Where late I deem'd the dove had been,
For falsehood's glare had left each scene,
And bared each poison'd bliss.

I saw true worth in humble guise,
Borne by oppression down;

I mark'd the loud pretender arise,
And bear away the crown,
Which should have graced the modest brow
Of one whom silent thought did bow;
I saw the deathless wreath,
Twined ready for the honour'd head
Of Genius, when 'twas with the dead,
Undimm'd by envy's breath.

I read the hearts where guile was not,
But friendship, truth, and love,
Which neither word nor deed could blot,
Nor from their purpose move—
The same in want and sorrow's hour
As in the days of wealth and power—
All was unveil'd to me:—
I woke when came the morning's beam,
But to my dying hour that dream
Will unforgotten be.

TO MARGARET.

There is a magick in the scented breeze,
Which conjures up the images of flowers;
A simple tone recalls departed hours,
And fills the heart with youthful ecstasies:
And thus, fair Margaret, thy pearl-like name
Findeth an echo in my bosom's cell,
And tells of days when idle dreams of fame
Stirr'd not the waters of my soul's deep well.
But let me not look back, through cares and tears,
To the returnless moments of the past;
Oh! rather let me wish thee future years,
Without a shadow on their brightless cast.
Did I possess o'er Destiny the power,
Unclouded joy should ever be thy dower.

HOPE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

Men ever yearn, yea, even in their dreams,
They breathe a sigh for better days;
Within their course a golden future seems,
Which they pursue with eager gaze.
The world grows old, and then in youth appears,
Yet man still hopes for better coming years.

Hope ushers into life the helpless child,
Ever in boyhood fluttereth nigh;
By its charm'd light the youth is still beguiled,
E'en with the old it doth not die;
For when unto his weary rest man wends,
From the cold grave celestial Hope ascends.

It is no vain and flattering conceit,
That in the foolish brain hath birth,
Loud doth the heart the truth repeat:
We were not born alone for earth.
And well may we the inner voice believe,
For that will ne'er the hoping soul deceive.

TO GEORGE RICHARDSON.

(AUTHOR OF "PATRIOTISM, AND OTHER POEMS.")

Our days have pass'd amid no mountains wild,
Our gaze hath dwelt not upon lake and fell;
No pastures green around our homes have smiled,
No devious windings of the verdurous dell
Have tempted us to rove at morn and eve;
Yet have we oft essay'd a wreath to weave
Of blossoms bright, and odour-breathing flowers,
Which we have gather'd in the Muses' bowers,
Together have we sought the springs of mind,
And quench'd our thirst at many a sparkling well,
Till in our hearts were kindred tastes enshrined,
Which bound our souls in friendship's sacred spell:
And, therefore, now this simple strain I raise,
Invoking joy for thee, and honour for thy lays.

OPENING ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY MR. JAMES BROWNE, AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER, MAY 1st, 1844.

No stranger asks, to-night, support from you,
No fresh adventurer seeks for patrons new,
But one who pleads with hopeful heart his cause,
Cheer'd by the memory of your kind applause;
One who believes your aid will be obtain'd,
Because already he hath favours gain'd;
One who can now on you his glances bend,
And hail the face of many a valued friend;
One who would fain in earnest words impart
How deep your kindness hath engraved his heart.
In acts, not words, can grateful proof be found,
And for his deeds he bids you look around,
Trusting that vainly he may not have sought
That elegance with comfort should be wrought;

That, while he seeks the eye of taste to please,
Beauty and grace may yet combine with ease.
The Drama here hath form'd no new retreat,
These boards have long borne histrionic feet;
Here long ago the Muse found an abode—
In by-gone years upon this stage have trod
Those who of old the Drama's laurels wore,
But now can tread the stage of life no more.
Here noble Kemble dignified the scene,
And Siddons awed with proud, majestic mien;
Here, Cooke with fiery energy hath warm'd,
And classic Young with grace and judgment
charm'd;
Here, the young Roscius dazzled for awhile,
To leave behind a wonder and a smile.
Here, once your fathers pass'd the pleasant hour,
And own'd the magic of the actor's power;
Here, were they wrapt in Shakspeare's varying
theme—
Good easy men! ah, little did they dream
The growing taste and wisdom of the age
Would banish Shakspeare to a wider stage,
Dooming these walls to an ignoble fate—
A refuge for the illegitimate!
At length the barrier hath been drawn aside,
Shakspeare again may o'er these boards preside;
Here may the Drama fetterless appear,
The law protects—at least for half the year.

Give to our efforts your protecting care,
And we will cater for an ample fare ;
Let but your presence shed its light benign,
And stars propitious shall around you shine;
Though dark December may not see their ray,
They yet can cheer you in the month of May.
Our Season is the verdant time of Spring,
When trees abroad their blossom'd branches fling;
If fostering smiles but gladden our pursuit,
Our boughs of Spring will yield abundant fruit.
A truce with metaphor—our utmost skill
Shall be employ'd to meet your sovereign will;
Our aim shall be to summons into birth
Betimes a tear, but oftener smiles of mirth.
Give to our cause the justice it demands—
We wait the verdict of your friendly hands.

TO THE INFANT SAPPHO.

God-gifted child ! I listen to thy song,
As one who hears sweet music in a dream,
Doubting the while if unto earth belong
The strain that thrills me. What a varying
stream
Of silvery sounds comes ringing on the ear !
Changing as quickly as the dolphin's hues,
And calling forth by turns a smile and tear.
Now passion's fire thy infant soul imbues,
And now again thy notes flow calm and clear.
The world of music seemeth all thine own,
As if a bright though unseen shape were near,
Whose breath inspired and prompted every tone.
Even as I listen on me comes the fear
Lest thou shouldst wing away to some more glorious
sphere.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF
HORATIO NELSON, ESQ., OF OLDHAM.

Hast thou, then, left thy fair and far-off home,
That bless'd abode where sun and stars look dim,
Where o'er the pathways blissful spirits roam,
And ever soundeth song of Seraphim?
Hast thou departed from the throne of Him
Whose rays of glory o'er his hosts are spread,
To dwell where sorrow doth her lone lamp trim,
Where flickering tapers light the sick man's bed,
And erring mortals weep for the immortal dead?

Oh, heavenly wanderer! where have stray'd thy
feet

In the dark labyrinths of this clouded sphere?
Hast thou sought out the desolate retreat
Where suffering virtue drops the bitter tear,

Or whisper'd comfort in the sleeping ear?
Hast thou brought warnings to the sinful mind,
And made it shrink from guilty deeds with fear!
Hast thou given light unto the worldly blind,
And made them bow to God, and help their kind?

Thou standest now with one uplifted hand,
As though thou wouldst some counsel wise
impress;

Thou dost not bear a rich and costly wand,
But flowers of pure and pallid loveliness;
A scarf of splendid dye floats o'er thy dress,
And thy light wings seem as if poised for flight.
Whom with thy presence hast thou deign'd to
bless?

Why did thy angel-footsteps here alight?
Who feels the love that beameth from thy glances
bright?

Most glorious visitant! forsake us not,
Hover above us in our troubled dreams,
Gladden, at least in vision'd hours, our lot,
And give our souls of heaven imperfect gleams;
For even now the sweet, clear light that streams
From thy bright semblance flings a joy around;
And, as we gaze, a holier spirit seems
To live within us, as if we had found
A guide, our steps to lead where angel-guests abound.

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

I gazed on a blossom shrunk and pale,
That pined in the glare of the burning sun;
No odour it bore for the passing gale,
But it droop'd its head like a dying nun.
The twilight came with its tearful shroud,
And the cheering dew fill'd the flower's sweet eyes;
Once again did it bloom in its beauty proud,
And look'd and blush'd at the starry skies.

I stood in a tangled woodland old,
And gazed on a dark deep water there;
And the breast of that gloomy stream was cold,
But lilies were floating pure and fair,
And shone out like gems on the water's brim,
With beauty gladdening the lonely spot;
And the wanderer stray'd o'er those stream-banks
dim,
While the flashing torrents he heeded not.

Oh! my heart was a sad and dying flower,
That pined 'neath the glare of the world's broad
eye,
But thy beauty came like a twilight shower,
And my soul was fill'd with aspirings high.
As the silver lilies that graced the stream,
And lit up the depths of its lonely gloom,
So thy love unto me was a blissful beam,
Which made me cling to a sadden'd doom.

THE KEEPSAKE.

WRITTEN AS AN INTRODUCTORY POEM TO A WORK ENTITLED
"THE MANCHESTER KEEPSAKE."

Not in halls where wine-cups glisten,
 'Mid a gay and gallant throng,
While fair ladies smiling listen,
 Now is heard the minstrel's song.

Not in lists of knightly glory,
 Where the silver trumpets bray,
Gleaneth he his themes of story—
 Other deeds inspire his lay.

Nought he sees of jousts and charges,
 Steel-clad men have left the plain,
And the haughty baron's largess
 Doth not now await his strain.

No proud damsel's cheering glances
Beam upon her favour'd knight;
Mailed men with pennon'd lances,
From the world have taken flight.

Yet the bards are not in slumbers,
Still their magic notes are heard,
Still shall flow the poet's numbers,
Quenchless as the song of bird.

Even in the crowded city,
(Nought save din and smoke around,)
Breathing some impassion'd ditty,
Is the musing minstrel found.

Casting charmed records round them,
Wander on the tuneful throng:
We have caught stray leaves and bound them
In our lowly wreath of song.

Though no splendid tome we proffer,
We would thoughts of joy awake—
Cherish then the gift we offer,
Keep it for the poets' sake.

TO MISS SUSANNA MAXWELL.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF HER FATHER, DAVID MAXWELL, ESQ.,
OF ST. PETERSBURG.

I never saw thee, young and gentle maid,
Yet do I greet thee with my humble rhyme,
And send a blessing to thy far-off clime;
Enough for me to be with smiles repaid
From one who loves thee. Thy frank-hearted sire
Hath ask'd, and at his call I wake my lyre.
He tells me thou art a sweet flower of May,
Beauteous and gifted—joy be ever thine!
For, though the bloom may from thy cheek decay,
The mind hath beauties which can perish not.
May music shed its sweetness o'er thy lot,
And bright-hued painting make thy soul its shrine;
May virtuous knowledge cheer thee with its light,
And make thee blessed in thy parents' sight.

THE MAIDEN'S FLIGHT.

My bark is upon the river,
In the gale its white sails quiver;
 Oh ! hasten on,
 And trust to one,
Who'll love thee and guard thee ever.

The rose, in the night-dew steeping,
Like a blushing bride is weeping,
 And bright and clear
 The waves appear,
Around me in silence creeping.

Now sleep the tired world is hushing,
I hear but the low winds rushing,
 And murmuring fall
 Most musical,
Of a fountain's silver gushing.

Doth fear o'er thy spirit hover?
Oh! none will thy flight discover;
Then come away—
At dawn of day
Who'll sever the wife and lover?

If the night's chill breath thou fearest,
When thou in my bark appearest,
Like Arab steed,
Away we'll speed,
And my bosom shield thee, dearest.

'Tis thy step I hear advancing,
Thy form through the shadows glancing:—
With thee, my bride,
O'er flashing tide,
My bark is merrily dancing!

TO MARIAN.

WITH A GIFT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A sweet New Year to thee, my love!
A sweet New Year to thee!
May blessings wait upon thy steps,
Whate'er my course may be.

May roses blossom in thy path,
And bloom upon thy cheek,
And health, and joy, and peace, in vain,
Oh! may'st thou never seek.

My true and best beloved one,
Full many happy days,
By thee made glad, have glided on,
Since first thou blest my gaze.

I will not praise thy loveliness,
Nor trace a record here
How much my soul is bound to thee—
Thou know'st that thou art dear.

'Tis now the time when lovers bring
Their offerings to love's shrine;
Thou need'st no token of my faith,
Yet take this gift of mine.

For, though thou need'st no gift to prove
My heart's idolatry,
When others sacrifice to love,
Why should not I to thee?

While all around me proffer gifts
To loveliness and youth,
I bring this offering unto thee,
As a token of thy truth.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS.

My fancy wanders through the mist of years,
And by a cotter's ingle-nook I see
A bright-eyed boy, beset with ghostly fears,
Listening to tales of witch and glamoury.
Again I see that strange and high-soul'd boy,
Toiling afield beneath inclement skies;
And now he breathes impassion'd words of joy
To one who lists with blush and downcast eyes.
I look once more—that youth is Scotland's pride,
And fills the world with his immortal song;
Yet is the bard his earthly meed denied,
And left to battle with contempt and wrong:
His voice is silent—all his praises spread,
And pay their tribute, for the bard is dead!

A FAREWELL.

The ocean flows between us, gentle friends,
But memory wanders o'er the watery space
To beauteous scenes, and with the landscape blends
Your smiling features and your forms of grace.
Oh! nought can ever from my heart efface
The fond remembrance of your deeds of love;
Distance and time the tie will stronger prove,
And on my soul your kindness deeper trace.
Oft do I sigh with sweet, though sad regret,
Once more, dear friends, to hear your cheering
words—
Each honied accent lingers with me yet,
Like cherish'd notes of music-breathing birds—
But years may pass ere with you I may dwell,
And so I breathe my blessing and farewell.

SIMILES.

Brightly is the water flowing
By yon old and ruin'd hall;
Greenly is the ivy growing
On its grey and ancient wall;
Moonbeams mild and pure are throwing
Light and beauty over all.

Where a myriad flowers were springing,
The baleful weed now grows,
But its sweets around is flinging
One solitary rose,
And a nightingale, fondly singing,
Seems guarding its repose.

Oh! such art thou, my dearest,
Amid life's troubled scene:
Stream, that in joy careerest,
My heart's own ivy green,
Moon, that with beauty cheerest,
Where else all gloom had been.

Fair rose, that sheddest ever
Thy perfume on the gale,
I will cease to shield thee never,
While thou bloom'st in life's dim vale,
A guardian nought shall sever,
Thine own loved nightingale.

TO MRS. E. S. CRAVEN GREEN,

(AUTHORESS OF A "LEGEND OF MONA," &c.)

Minstrel of Mona's spirit-peopled isle !

Thy strains are filled with memories of the past,
And scenes of youth again before me smile,

Whene'er my gaze on thy sweet page is cast;
The lost and loved again around appear,

The laugh of joy, the warm and friendly tone
Again come ringing gladly on mine ear,

Even as they sounded in the days long gone.
That happy band shall meet on earth no more,

But thou art left, and still can breathe the lay,
Rich, pure, and tender, as thou didst of yore,

Though sorrow's clouds have shadow'd o'er thy
way.

Dear friend of youth ! may Heaven yet grant thee
long,

And happier years, to charm the world with song.

WHO LOVES NOT BEAUTY?

Who loves not beauty?—beautiful thou art—

Beauty being aye the cheerer of my lot,
How could I look on thee unmoved of heart,
How bow to beauty, and yet love thee not?

I love bright eyes—thine are blue urns of light;

I love fair cheeks, and are not thine most fair?

I love the tresses lustrous to the sight,

And sunny beams seem dallying in thy hair.

I love to hold communion with the mind,

Which is the seat of deep and chasten'd thought;
Taintless the spirit which in thee is shrined,
And thy sweet voice with counsel wise is fraught.

I love to gaze on forehead high and pure,
Thy lofty brow of spotless white is seen;
Free form and carriage do mine eye allure,
Thou hast free shape and gracefulness of mien.

All worthy loving I have found in thee,
All which is not I find from thee apart:
The heart thou'st won thou can'st not render me,
Then, dearest lady, give me heart for heart.

ON HEARING THE EUPHONIAN,

AN INGENIOUS IMPROVEMENT ON THE GUIMBARD, OR GERMAN JEW HARP.

Is it a sound from far-off fairy land,
That comes in liquid murmurings on mine ear,
Like tones from harp that, swept by fay's light hand,
Sends forth its tinkling music, sweet and clear?
Methinks I see, beneath the moonbeams bright,
A shadowy troop of wild and tiny things,
Holding their revels 'mid the reign of night,
And tripping lightly, in their mystic rings,
To the rich melody which floats around;
But all hath fled—all, save the music's sound,
Which o'er my spirit still its magic flings,
And wraps my senses in a bliss profound:
Piercing and shrill the silvery notes arise,
Then fades each tone, and in soft cadence dies.

TO MY LITTLE BOY ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Child, that laughest gaily now,
With no shade on cheek or brow,
Restless as a rapid river,
Ceasing from thy frolic never,
With no thought of care or sorrow,
With no dread of coming morrow,
Deeming thou art only born
To rise for play at break of morn;
May the world upon thy head
Every happy influence shed;
May each birthday bring to thee
Increase of felicity;
May the sun of joy and truth
Shine upon thy opening youth;
When hath fled thy youthful dream,
May its rays still brightly beam;
May it in thy riper age
Glad thee on thy pilgrimage;
May its setting light illumine
And cheer thy passage to the tomb.

THE DYING GIRL.

And thou art dying, beautiful and young,
When smiles of joy should on thy lips be playing,
And thou shouldst bound with sportive glee along,
Where merry maids are in the meadows maying.
The spring sun shineth through thy window-pane,
The pleasant breeze with balmy breath is sighing,
And thou canst hear the feather'd minstrel's strain,
In that still room where thou art pale and dying.

Why is thy spirit summon'd to the skies,
Untried by years, unvisited by sorrow?
Why art thou call'd, ere yet thy gentle eyes
Have fear'd to look upon the coming morrow?
Thy cheek hath never paled with anxious care,
Thy heart hath never throbb'd with guilty sadness;
Even as thyself thy course was pure and fair,
Hallow'd by love, and cheer'd with looks of
gladness.

Why didst thou leave thine own immortal heaven,
For earthly guests to cherish and caress thee?
Why unto us wert thou, sweet spirit, given,
And call'd away when we had learn'd to bless
thee?

Why wert thou fashion'd lovely to the sight?
Why were thine eyes with tender radiance
streaming?

Why didst thou come, young being of delight,
To fade like mirage on the pilgrim gleaming?

Selfish and weak!—why should we wish thee here?

Pass to thy home, unspotted, happy spirit;
Hasten on blissful wing to that glad sphere,
Where thou wilt glory evermore inherit.
Mingle and dwell among the angel-band,
But, oh! while stars beneath thy path are burning,
Think thou at times upon our sinful land,
And plead for those whose gaze is upwards
turning.

METRE FOR MUSIC.



METRE FOR MUSIC.

No. I.

OH ! DOST THOU REMEMBER THOSE
MOMENTS OF GLADNESS.

Oh ! dost thou remember those moments of gladness,
That faded away like a dream of delight,
And left us to pine o'er their absence in sadness,
As we muse o'er bright visions in darkness of
night;
That joy was a blossom my pathway adorning,
Too rich in its odour and beauty to last,
As the flower which has birth with the light of the
morning,
And dies when the day and the sunbeams have
past.

Loved voices cheer'd us, and laughter was ringing,
More merry than bells in the gay bridal-hour;

Time o'er our heads was as rapidly winging,
As ever it flew o'er a love-haunted bower;
Thine eyes were twin-orbs, that were beaming with
splendour,
More bright than the stars when the clouds they
peep through;
But, oh ! their pure light was so witching and tender,
That to me they seem'd violets sprinkled with dew.

Enchanting the tones in mine ear thou wert breath-
ing,
Mine was a bliss that my tongue could not speak,
For the tresses of beauty, thy fair face enwreathing,
The wandering breezes swept over my cheek;
Blest moments at times from our cares we may
borrow,
That years of our life we would give to recall;
But, oh ! in my course through this valley of sorrow,
Those moments with thee were the sweetest of all !

No. II.

THE GOLDEN DAY OF YOUTH IS GONE.

The golden day of youth is gone,
And shades of night have gather'd round;

I stand to muse and gaze alone—

My morning mates no more are found;
Some pass'd away at dawn's pure time,
Some left me with the noontide's ray,
But, long ere rang the evening chime,
The whole were scatter'd far away.

Some roam'd to bright and distant bowers,
And gather'd many a fragrant gem,
Choosing, like bees, the sweetest flowers,
Which ever seem'd to bloom for them;
As insects pass'd on fluttering wing,
In thoughtless chase some hurried on,
And caught the fair and fragile thing,
But found its life and beauty gone.

Some sought the forest's tangled shade,
Where wild and thick the branches grew,
Until, so far their feet had stray'd,
No homeward path the wanderers knew:
Yet still, though day's glad hours have flown,
And over earth a shadow lies,
Unto the heavens my gaze is thrown,
And stars are shining in the skies!

No. III.

COME, LOVE, AND SING, IN THY TONES
SWEET AND LOW.

Come, love, and sing, in thy tones sweet and low,
The song which I heard from thy lips long ago,
When thine eyes were as bright, and thy cheeks
were as fair
As the hues which the skies and the summer-flowers
wear,
And vainly I strove with my kisses to chase
The pure stream of blushes that rush'd o'er thy face.

Come, sing me that song, love, 'twill bring back the
day
When my heart was lit up by affection's first ray,
When thy name to mine ears was a sound of delight,
And I gazed on thine image in dreams of the night,
And arose, when the sky wore the morning's bright
beam,
But to muse on the eyes that had shone in my
dream.

Then sing me that song, love; for oh! with each
tone

There will come back the thoughts of the hours that
are gone—

Of the love that had birth amid blushes and fears,
Yet hath lived through the tempest of trouble and
tears;

Oh! that time will come back of deep rapture and
pride,

When I wooed thee and won thee, my beautiful
bride!

No. IV.

LOVERS' EYES.

Oh! I will ask thee not to say
That I am dear to thee;
When from thine eyes fond glances stray,
They speak enough for me.

Ever should maiden's lips conceal
What lovers long to know,
And let the eyes alone reveal
The bosom's cherish'd glow.

The tongue can never truly tell
The feelings of the heart;
The love that is unspeakable
Must from the eyes depart.

Beloved one! avert thou not
From me those stars of light—
Bereft of their bright rays my lot
Would be but cheerless night.

Then let our eyes each other greet,
More bliss we shall receive,
When our warm glances fondly meet,
Than words in hours could give.

For lovers' eyes will often be
Like unto mirrors fair,
And the observing gaze may see
The soul depicted there.

Thus, dearest! my enamour'd look
Shall read the soul in thine,
And, oh! believe me, I can brook
To place before thee mine.

No V.

THOU ART FAIR AS THE MORNING'S FIRST
BEAM.

Thou art fair as the morning's first beam, love,
Thou art pure as the bright silver moon,
Free from sin as a young infant's dream, love,
Far more sweet than the breezes of June.
Oh! I love thee, I dote on thy charms, love,
And with joy should I hail my last rest,
If I thought death but led to thy arms, love,
That my heaven might be thy fair breast.

The stars in their beauty may gleam, love,
From the brow of the calm summer sky,
But lovelier the light do I deem, love,
That shines in thy witching blue eye.
Oh! I love thee, I dote on thy charms, love,
And with joy should I hail my last rest,
If I thought death but led to thy arms, love,
That my heaven might be thy fair breast.

No. VI.

I FADE APACE 'NEATH A FOREIGN SKY.

I fade apace 'neath a foreign sky,
My father's hall I shall see no more;
No friend will receive my latest sigh,
I die where none will my fate deplore.

Oh! would that mine eye once more might gaze,
My native land, on thy valleys green,
On the haunts I loved in childhood's days—
My spirit pines for each well-known scene.

My mother dear! I know thou dost dream
Of him afar o'er the ocean wave;
Thou'lt pray for me, but thou wilt not deem
I sink to rest in a foreign grave.

In pleasant bower will my sister sing
Of him who sail'd o'er billowy main,
Nor think no billow will ever bring
The wanderer back to his home again.

Thou happy wave of the sunny sea,
Thou glidest on from this hated strand;
How blest my lot might I go with thee,
And greet the shore of my native land.

I fade apace 'neath a foreign sky,
My father's hall I shall see no more;
No friend will receive my latest sigh,
I die where none will my fate deplore.

No. VII.

OH! WELL DO I REMEMBER.

Oh! well do I remember
The sweet and tender light,
Which beam'd of old in thy dear eyes,
Whene'er I met thy sight;
And still it beams,
In midnight dreams,
As beautiful as when
It met my gaze,
In other days,
In the lone and quiet glen.

Oh! well do I remember
Thy low and lute-like voice,
Which ne'er was heard unless to bid
My youthful heart rejoice;
Its silver tone
Hath from me gone,
I weep in loneliness;
The accents dear,
That bless'd my ear,
No more will ever bless.

Oh! well do I remember,
At twilight's shadowy hour,
Thy form of grace and loveliness,
My perish'd virgin flower;
Amid the gloom
Thy cheeks of bloom,
Like star-beams shine on me;
In dreams of night,
In robes of light,
Thy sainted shade I see.

Oh! well do I remember,
When mirth and song swell high;
I think of all the joy I've lost,
And turn aside to sigh:
I know 'tis vain,
This mournful strain,

This sorrow wild and deep;
No tears can more
Thy form restore,
Yet, ah ! for this I weep.

No. VIII.

OH ! MY HEART IS SAD WITH DREAMING.

Oh ! my heart is sad with dreaming
Of the joys of other years;
Dear eyes are upon me beaming,
Whose loss I have mourn'd with tears.

A cloud hangs for ever o'er me,
For life's sunny way is past,
And the path, that lies before me,
Is dark as the midnight blast.

I weep for the bliss long perish'd,
For the loved ones pass'd away,
For the hopes my young heart cherish'd,
But to mark their lights decay.

Joy hath a memory of sadness,
And my soul is all of gloom;
Oh ! the thoughts of days of gladness
Are as flowers strewn o'er a tomb.

No. IX.

OH! LADY LET ME WOO THEE.

Oh! lady let me woo thee,
In the moonlight, pure and pale;
Let me whisper low unto thee,
When the birds have told their tale:
Oh! let me fondly speak, love,
When the heavenly eyes shine bright,
For the blushes on thy cheek, love,
Will be veil'd with silver light.

When starry roof is o'er thee,
In the holy calm of night,
I'll bless thee and adore thee,
As a spirit of delight;
My heart can know no sadness
When thy form and face I see,
For source of love and gladness
Is thy beauty unto me.

Then let us wander lonely,
'Neath the shade of spreading trees,

Where mine eyes can see thee only,
And naught cometh, save the breeze.
As insects burst their shroud, love,
And to sunshine wing their flight,
We'll leave the gloomy crowd, love,
And exist in love's sweet light.

No. X.

A FAIR FACE HAUNTS MY SOLITUDE.

A fair face haunts my solitude,
As beams of radiant light,
That through the captive's bars intrude,
To shew his dungeon's night.

As clouds that gather over heaven,
To shroud its starry blue,
When by the passing breezes driven,
Let rays come streaming through.

E'en so thine eyes of heavenly ray
Came beaming on my heart,
And clouds, that o'er my spirit lay,
Thy presence bade depart.

The man of sin amid his dreams
Hath glimpses of delight,
And Paradise before him gleams,
To bless and mock his sight.

I gazed upon thy youthful bloom,
Beheld, and thou wert gone;
I wander'd forth in darker gloom,
To muse on thee alone.

Though shapes of loveliness may pass
Across the mirror's face,
They leave no trace upon the glass
Of beauty or of grace.

The image fadeth from the glass,
As rainbows melt in air,
But thou within my soul, alas!
Though absent, still art there.

No. XI.

MY HEART IS WITH THE DEAD.

A lady sang unto her harp
A low and mournful strain;

She strove to check her rising sighs,
But, ah! she strove in vain;
She spoke of sorrow cherish'd long,
Of tears in secret shed,
And then, in trembling tones, she sang,
"My heart is with the dead."

She told how one, in other days,
Had won her for his bride,
And how her bosom throb'd with joy,
When by that loved one's side:
Oh, God! she mark'd his bloom decay,
Till light and life had fled;
"Ah, me!" she sang, amid her tears,
"My heart is with the dead."

No more is heard that mournful harp,
Which sorrow's hand had strung;
No more are heard those plaintive tones,
The minstrel perish'd young;
The sunshine of her soul was gone,
A gloom around was shed—
She murmur'd with her latest breath,
"My heart is with the dead."

No. XII.

BIRDS ARE HEARD IN DAY'S BRIGHT
HOURS.

Birds are heard in day's bright hours,
But are silent in the gloom;
Bees caress the fragrant flowers,
But they shun their faded bloom.

From the bough the leaf it flieth,
When the summer's past away;
And the insect homeward hieth,
When hath fled the sunny ray.

When my lot was all of gladness,
Friends were ever nigh to cheer;
When arrived the day of sadness,
Friends were far but foes were near.

Nought could ever thee estrange, love,
Thou wert mine in darkest hour;
I have heart which knows not change, love—
It is now thine only dower.

No. XIII.

HE WON HER YOUTHFUL HEART.

He won her youthful heart,
Yet the maiden's timid feeling
Forbade her tongue to tell
What looks were aye revealing:
But in that sorrowing hour,
When came the time to sever,
Upon his breast she sighed
"My heart is thine for ever!"
Thus they parted.

The maid, in chamber lone,
For her absent love sat pining,
The thoughts of his plighted vows
Were the stars on her sorrow shining;
None knew the tears she shed,
Or look'd on her secret sighing,
She droop'd like a blighted rose,
In the spring of her beauty dying,
Broken-hearted.

Another lot was his,
Mingling in scenes of pleasure,

He soon had ceased to think
Of his far-off virgin treasure;
He knelt at another shrine,
His heart forgot its duty,
He barter'd peace for wealth;
Thus the bonds of love and beauty
Gold can sever.

They told her he was false,
Yet no reproach was spoken,
To none she breathed her grief,
Alas! her heart was broken;
Never again did the light
Of her meek eyes awaken,
She murmur'd a prayer for him,
And the life of the forsaken
Past for ever.

LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.



LYRICS FOR THE ORDER.

No. I.

A BLESSING ON THE BAND.

AIR—"Woodman spare that tree."

A blessing on the band,
The brethren good and true,
Whose kindness o'er the land
Falls like the summer dew;
Want swiftly from them flies,
As onwards they advance,
And misery fade and dies,
Whene'er it meets their glance.

Their feet delight to tread
Where dwelleth dark despair,
When droops the mourner's head
In loneliness and care;

The widow's sighs depart,
 Their aid her sorrow cheers,
And with a thankful heart
 She smiles amid her tears.

The couch of pain they seek,
 The sick man's silent room,
And words of comfort speak,
 To chase away his gloom;
He asks, and not in vain—
 They come with bounteous hand;
He prays, amid his pain,
 For blessings on the band.

Far may the Order's name
 Be spread o'er land and sea;
Long may the Order's fame
 The pride of Briton's be:
The watchwords of our band,
 Oh, may they prove a spell
For every heart and hand
 To serve and guard us well!

No. II.

WHEN I AM LAID 'NEATH THE CHURCH
YARD STONE.

AIR—"The Bard's Legacy."

When I am laid 'neath the church-yard stone
Will friends e'er come to my grave at eve,
And speak of my deeds in a kindly tone,
Or o'er my memory silently grieve?
I do not ask for the dews of weeping
To fall on my lowly home of clay,
But the friends I love—I would have them keeping
Fond thoughts of me when I pass away.

When they are met in the festive hour,
I would not sadden one joyous heart ;
No cloud of sorrow o'er them should lower,
Or rob their bliss of its lightest part ;
But if some thought should be o'er them stealing
Of him who was wont their gladness to share,
Let them think each song and mirthful feeling
Would be joy to him could he join them there.

I would have them think, in their hours of sadness,
Of the solace they oft from his words had drawn,
When he told that a morn of light and gladness
On the gloomiest night would most surely dawn:
Should they vigils keep by their tapers' burning,
And hopes be around them like dead leaves
thrown,
Oh, then would I have their remembrance turning
To the friendly heart that was once their own!

No. III.

THE GUIDING STAR OF CHARITY.

AIR.—“The floating flag of liberty.”

The guiding star of charity,
For ever burning bright,
Shall cheer us on life's troubled sea,
And bless us with its light;
When from the home of childhood's years
Our feet have wander'd far,
To glad our hearts and dry our tears
Still shines that guiding star.

Oh! ever does its pure light beam,
Mid hours of care and pain,

To fill the heart with many a dream
Of joy and health again;
The stern disease, that countless days
Hath with our life wag'd war,
Is banish'd by the cherish'd rays
Shed by our guiding star.

When friends who shared our careless glee,
Avoid our sorrowing hours,
The beauteous star of charity
Around its influence pours;
That beacon-light doth ever shine,
And nought its rays can bar,
But with its changeless smile divine
Still beams our guiding star.

No. IV.

A SONG LET US RAISE.

AIR.—“The brave old oak.”

A song let us raise to the Order's praise,
And our brethren where'er they be;
Let our hearts be light on this festive night,
And our souls from all sorrow free;

For ours is a cause whose glorious laws
Bind all in a friendly chain;
United we stand in heart and in hand,
And discord may threaten in vain.
Then a song we'll raise to the Order's praise,
And pledge it with rapturous cheers:
Let this be the toast, while proudly we boast—
May it flourish a thousand years!

No pauper's bell shall e'er ring a knell
When a brother hath past away,
But many a friend to his grave shall wend,
And tears shall bedew the clay:
When at eve we meet, in communion sweet,
In our own secluded room,
We breathe forth the name and the virtuous fame
Of our brothers who rest in the tomb.
Then a song we'll raise, &c.

If the mind should be from pollution free
We refuse not a brother's clasp,
Nor his acts do we spy with a curious eye,
But we greet him with cordial grasp;
Though strife abound in the world around,
We aid not with word or deed—
Our part is to bless, and banish distress,
And care not for class or creed.
Then a song we'll raise, &c.

No. V.

THE WAY WAS LONG AND WILD.

AIR—"The soldier's tear."

The way was long and wild,
 And bitter was the night,
 And not a star was in the heavens,
 To cheer him with its light;
 He thought of other days,
 And the home to him most dear;
 Deep sadness was upon his heart,
 And on his cheek a tear.

He listen'd once again
 To the accents of delight
 By his young and happy children breathed,
 When they heard his step at night;
 His gentle wife he saw,
 With smiling lips, draw near,
 And the wanderer heaved an anguish'd sigh,
 And dash'd away a tear.

Upon him stream'd a light,
 Whose rays lit up his gloom,
 And he bent his tired and failing steps
 To a bright and peaceful room;
 And then came friends around,
 By mystic union dear,

Who cheer'd the wanderer's drooping heart,
And dried his falling tear.

No. VI.

OH! THERE IS NOT ON EARTH SUCH A
SCENE OF DELIGHT.

AIR—"The meeting of the waters."

Oh! there is not on earth such a scene of delight
As the lodge where true brethren in friendship unite,
Where harmony casts o'er the spirit a spell,
And the angel of charity loveth to dwell.

There's a secret enchantment which guardeth the spot,
And the demon of discord can penetrate not;
'Tis an Eden where pleasure and peacefulness smile,
And no serpent can enter with envious guile.

Yes! there are assembled the men who combine,
For the good of their race, in a compact divine,
And this is the aim of their bountiful plan,
To banish all woe from the dwelling of man.

Dear refuge of sorrow! full often I greet
The friends of my heart in thy quiet retreat;
And in the dark moments of sadness and pain
I pine to partake of thy gladness again.

No. VII.

THE DYING BROTHER.

AIR—"The Angels' Whisper."

The dawn was returning, a taper was burning,
But its dim light no more the sick brother could
see;

In low murmurs praying, these words he was saying,
"Be the light of that taper an emblem of me."

"The life I have cherish'd ere long will have perish'd,
Yet I hope that the dawn of a brighter I see,
And I pray that in dying my soul may be flying
Where glory and gladness its portion will be."

His wife, who sat near him, had no words to cheer
him,

The child of her bosom reposed on her knee;
The tears she was weeping bedew'd its calm sleeping,
"Unfriended thy lot, my dear infant, will be."

With accents beguiling, bright Hope, sweetly
smiling,

Said "Listen a moment, sad mother, to me;
Amid all thy sorrow thou comfort may'st borrow—
Kind brethren will shelter thy infant and thee."

No. VIII.

HAPPY LODGE.

AIR—"Happy Land."

Happy Lodge! happy Lodge!
Beneath thy roof with joy I see
Those dear friends, those dear friends,
Who are most beloved by me;
Lodge where peace delights to dwell,
As the bee in roses,
Where the whisper'd mystic spell
A scene of bliss discloses.
Oh! happy Lodge! happy Lodge!
Dear art thou to age and youth,
For in thee all men see
Pure Friendship, Love, and Truth.
Le ri le la, &c.

Happy Lodge! happy Lodge!
Beneath thy roof with joy I see
Those dear friends, those dear friends,
Who are most beloved by me;
Thou art hail'd as some green isle
In the ocean lying,
Where the fragrant blossoms smile,
And birds of song are flying.
Oh! happy Lodge! &c.
Le ri le la, &c.

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Mr. Rogerson is not unfavourably known as the author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," of which as a first appearance in literature some of the metropolitan journals spoke warmly. He who draws from the springs of life and truth within his own bosom is sure to awaken at least the sympathy of his readers. Mr. Rogerson thinks well, expressing his thoughts too, in truly poetical language.—*True Tablet*.

The "Voice from the Town," evinces a vivid imagination, and strong powers of description. We occasionally meet with sparkling gems of thought, scattered, as it were, through a garden of flowers. The versification is smooth, easy, and natural; and the sentiments expressed by the author evince a feeling heart and a cultivated mind.—*Preston Chronicle*.

This is a volume of very pleasing poems, by an author whose former works we have already noticed with commendation. The principal piece exhibits considerable powers of thought and observation; and some of the minor poems are very beautiful.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Known among the poets of his day as one of the most amiable of their inspired brotherhood, is John Bolton Rogerson, of Manchester. From the manner in which his previous effusions have been received by the press and the public, any recommendation, however flattering, would now be an entirely superfluous piece of service. The volume before us is certainly not inferior to its fore-runner; and this is saying no little; whilst the aspirations after the beautiful, gentle, good, and true, bodied forth not only in "A Voice from the Town," but in many of the minor melodies, will, we feel assured, breathe far and wide through the country, with many pleasant associations, the name of the author.—*Sheffield Iris*.

The chief poem in the present volume is a transcript of the author's feelings as associated with his native place, and presents a vivid and pleasing picture of the various scenes which may be supposed to interest a contemplative and highly cultivated mind. It abounds with highly wrought descriptive passages of great power and pathos, and is characterized throughout by a grace and delicacy really charming. Many of the shorter pieces are very beautiful.—*Maryport Monthly Advertiser*.

The present volume, which consists entirely of poetical pieces, is similar, perhaps equal, in its excellencies, to the preceding one. Of the simple and gentle character of the author's verse, the modest

and domestic scenes of humble life which he delights to pourtray, the genuine, unaffected, hearty spirit in which he holds himself with regard to his literary friends and the public at large, we have before expressed, and still retain our admiration. The "Voice from the Town" contains some excellent passages and poetical descriptions of a superior order. The Lake of Intemperance is ably and vividly drawn.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

The abilities of Mr. Rogerson are varied. Besides being a poet of no mean rank, he is a prose writer of great fluency and merit; and is, moreover, as our ears have more than once assured us, possessed in a high degree of the tact and talent of public speaking. The present neat volume convinces us, that Mr. Rogerson has not, in any instance, been driven to that worst of repetitions, the repetition of himself. The book is as free from this too common fault, as if the author's first essay had never been composed—a circumstance evidencing the scope and originality of his mind.—*Manchester Advertiser*.

By some mistake, we omitted the intended notice of this very charming volume of poems when it first reached us. The opinion, however, we formed of its merits at the time, has been fully corroborated by the literary publications of the day, who have all united in acknowledging the beauty and elegance of the language, and the truthful delicacy of the thought and expression. The most important poem of the volume gives the title to the work—"A Voice from the Town." It is one that may be read again and again, and always with increasing zest, as a faithful portraiture of the writer's experience, and a vivid description of the scenes which daily occur in a large town. The shorter pieces are characterized by genuine feeling, and evince a heart alive to all the tender sympathies of life, and a mind imbued with every refining influence.—*Manchester and Salford Advertiser*.



